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Eighty Years Ago.
[From the New York Medical Review.]
Quart, respectively dedicated to the "Continental Tobacco" - Words by C. Sprague - Music by Wm. U. Dutcher.
Eighty years have rolled away,
Since that high, heroic day,
When our fathers in the fray
Struck the conquering blow!
Praise to them, the bold who spoke—
Praise to them, the brave who broke
Spain's oppression's galling yoke,
Eighty, eighty years ago!
Eighty years ago!
Pour the wine of sacrifice,
Let the grateful anthem rise—
Shall we e'er resign the prize!
Never, never—no!
Hearts and hands shall guard those rights,
Bought on Freedom's battle heights,
When he fixed his signal lights!
Eighty, eighty years ago!
Eighty years ago!
Swear it! by the mighty dead—
Those who counseled, those who led;
By the blood your fathers shed,
By your mothers' weep;
Swear it! by the living few—
Those whose breasts were scarred for you,
When to freedom's ranks they flew!
Eighty, eighty years ago!
Eighty years ago!
By the joys that cluster 'round,
By our vales with plenty crowned,
By our hills ope—holly ground,
Rescued from the foe—
Where of old the Indian strayed,
Where of old the Pilgrims prayed,
Where the patriot drew his blade,
Eighty, eighty years ago!
Eighty years ago!
Should again the war-trump peal,
Then shall Indian firmness seal
Pilgrim faith and patriot zeal,
Prompt to strike the blow,
Then shall valor's work be done;
Like the sire shall be the son,
When the fight was waged and won,
Eighty, eighty years ago!
Eighty years ago!

The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1856.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Foreign Seeds.

As I have received and experimented on some Agricultural and Garden seeds rec'd last winter and spring from the U.S. Patent Office, I will now make a report of results, and hope others who have received and tried seeds will do the same.

Chinese Sugar Cane.—This plant, as its name imports, came from China, where sugar is made out of its stalks. Its seeds are small, and of an exceeding rich, shining, black color. I planted my seeds on the 7th of May last, in a sandy loam, about an inch deep in the ground, in hills like Indian corn, and cultivated them like corn. The growing plant looks very much like Broom corn, but has a richer green color, and more beautiful form, than either our Broom or Indian corn plant. I put from six to seven seeds in a hill, and they all grew and ripened finely, making stalks from ten to eleven feet high, whose tops, like those of Broom corn, were full of seeds. And if the seeds are planted earlier, and the season more favorable than our last, dry one, the plants will, I am confident, grow from three to five feet higher. The stalks abound in a rich, sugary juice, which induces cows and hogs to eat them up greedily and in preference to most other kinds of food. The growing plant will also thrive under a drouth that will parch and dry up our Indian corn plant—and this, in connection with its large yield, will render it a desirable fodder plant to feed and fatten horned cattle and hogs.

Oregon Pea.—On the same day, 7th of May, I planted in the same soil two rows of Oregon Peas, one row with one seed to each hill, and the other with two seeds to each hill, and about two feet or more apart in the hills. The plants soon came up and had a healthy appearance but (though nicely hoed and kept free from weeds) grew very slowly for a long time, owing perhaps to the drouth, and bore no blossoms or signs of blossoms in June, July, and the most of August. I noticed the first blossoms about the 1st of September, and by the 15th of this month the stalks (which were now from two to four feet in length and branched and leafy) were full of pods, but only ripened a few of their seeds, the main portion having been destroyed by the early frosts of October. The Oregon Pea plant will also stand and retain its luxuriance under a drouth that will parch up most of our field plants. And it is said by those who have tried it to make a valuable fodder for horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs, and also a fine soil-fertilizer, but I can say nothing reliable on these points yet, though I am inclined to think it will answer these purposes well.

White Lupines.—This plant is celebrated for its heavy yield per acre, and great manurial properties, in Spain and Germany, and hence I had, from the fine appearance of my young plants, fondly hoped for its success in Pennsylvania, but our hot sun and dry weather killed my crop before it ripened any of its seeds. I think our climate too hot and dry for it, but will give it another trial next year, as I have a few of the old seeds left.

Winningsburg Cabbage.—This is a new variety of Cabbage. It is a very early kind, with small heads of a sugar-loaf form, and very compact and solid, and of course heavy for its size or bulk—so compact that no worm or other insect can get between its leaves, and hence its interior, which is of surpassing whiteness, is always nice and clean, possessing a richness of flavor equal if not superior to any variety of Cabbage

yet known in these parts. I would advise all lovers of cabbage and sour-kraut to procure this variety, and regret that I will have no seed for distribution until next year. The Winningsburg Cabbage drew a premium, and was much admired, at our late Northumberland Agricultural Fair, for its pretty form and solidity.

New Mexican White Flint Corn.—My farm-tenant who planted my package of these seeds last spring, in lieu of some of those which had rotted in the ground for him, did not seem to think much of it at the time, but is now so well pleased with its large stems, ears, and grains, that he intends to save all the grains for planting again next year, when we shall know more about it.

Lotus Corniculatus.—I also received a package of seeds bearing this name, and without any description of what it is or how or when it is to be sown or planted. It is a white, small, round seed, and looks like a grass seed. I presume it belongs to the Lotus tribe of plants peculiar to ancient Egypt, but, as I have no access to books on this subject I am at a loss to say what it is. Will not some one who has access to the fine library at the Lewisburg University enlighten us on the subject, and its season and mode of sowing and culture? Now let some of our Union County farmers and gardeners tell us what foreign seeds they have experimented on, and how, and the results, whether favorable or otherwise, and it will be to our mutual advantage.

AGRICOLA.
North'd Co., Nov. 15, 1856.

Correspondence from the North.

QUINCY, L. C., July 24, 1856.

Within a walled and fortified city, at last! with soldiers and cannon, and parapets; and houses and forts and churches and palaces, mixed and jumbled together, in the queerest entanglement imaginable; with streets so narrow and numerous and crooked, and with such an indefinite variety of grades, from an angle of five to forty-five degrees, that a stranger, in first attempting to navigate his own way without a pilot, is apt to find himself, like the pig crawling through the crooked rails of a worm fence, always coming out on the same side, or else be brought upstanding, by unexpected obstacles, with his nose pointing towards some point of the compass not contemplated at the outset.

Left Montreal, in a new boat of the same name, at 7 o'clock last evening; leaving the river boat, John Munn, older and rustier by twelve years, to follow at its leisure. Some three miles down, met a steamer with a Montreal pleasure party returning from an excursion trip to Quebec, where they had shared in the public reception given to the newly arrived regiment from the Crimea. The deck and rigging were crowded with the joyous throng who loudly cheered as we passed; and the vessel was gaily decorated with a profusion of British and French flags and streamers, but the entire absence of the "stars and stripes," impressed us States' people on board, with the feeling that their's was a joy with which "the stranger intermeddled not."

Presently the John Munn came plunging along, at a furious rate, as if determined to provoke a race, or leave us in the rear—the bituminous fires burning fiercely and dense volumes of black smoke rolling from her chimneys, and darkening the sky, as if Tartarus itself were aloft on the river. Our Captain, however, did not increase his already rapid speed, but composedly suffered them to sweep past with shouts of triumph, that might readily have been changed to screams of terror, by a few sparks on the dry and heated deck from their blazing furnaces. But such a catastrophe, though imminent, did not ensue. Happening to waken about midnight, however, I found things changed somewhat; both boats putting on all steam, and rushing "neck and neck" down St. Francis' Bay—a long stretch of water, where the river is fifteen miles wide from bank to bank—as if trying to get to "sunrise" ahead of old Sol himself. But having less freight to land and fewer stoppages to make, the "Munn" beat us into Quebec half an hour, after all.

Sunrise found us near our destination, near 400 miles from the ocean, but within reach of its influence. The tide was out and immense quantities of logs were lying high and dry in the mud, at the lumber yards, in the cove above Quebec, and many other points along shore, on both sides of the river. The banks of the river, for several miles above the city, are from one to three hundred feet high, sometimes wooded, or sloping and cultivated, and sometimes precipitous bluffs; but with a pretty full sprinkling of huts, farm houses, country seats, and an occasional chapel.

The far-famed Citadel and Heights, presently made their appearance in the distance, on the left bank; and threading our way through the shipping scattered at anchor nearly all over the river—passing close by the black, dirty old transport, just arrived with the troops from Sebastopol—landed at the wharves at the eastern point of the city and hill; from whence the land rises in a steep sloping way to the crown-

ing Citadel on west, which looks down upon all parts of the city.

Tumbling into a clumsy sort of carry-all, began the steep ascent, reaching, in a hundred yards, the first massive wall which divides the Upper from the Lower town; then passed under a huge granite arch, with a double set of heavy iron gates, and armed sentinels pacing their rounds, into a bewildering labyrinth of streets—alleys, rather—and in ten minutes were set down at our hotel, in a locality from which nothing could be seen but the sky and neighboring houses, without the possibility of conjecturing our exact whereabouts, or what route to take to get out again.

Some hurried off to the Citadel, to witness the morning parade, and enjoy the magnificent music of the military band, while others looked out for breakfast and preparations for a day of systematic sight-seeing. Perhaps I had better tell you, at the outset, how the land lies generally, that local descriptions may be better understood.

Taking your stand, for instance, at the walls of the Citadel, looking eastwardly down the St. Lawrence, you find yourself on the extremity of a long, smooth ridge, or promontory, 350 feet above the river, very precipitous, and somewhat rocky in front and at the immediate right, and extending westwardly, behind you, an indefinite number of miles. On the left, the hill slopes down to the river St. Charles, a small stream coming in from the west near the base of the hill, and winding through a wide, beautiful valley, till it unites with the St. Lawrence in a wide bay close to the left and somewhat farther west than the Citadel—the St. Lawrence, after passing the point of the promontory, suddenly expanding from one and a half to two and a half miles wider; and, with the bay of the St. Charles, forming a capacious and noble harbor.

Along the slope of the promontory, on the left, between the Citadel and the St. Charles, lies the city of Quebec, extending some two miles back from the harbor, westwardly along the ridge, and spreading out over the low land at the mouth of the St. Charles; part inside, but most outside of the fortifications; so that, in coming down the St. Lawrence the traveler does not see Quebec until he rounds the promontory into the harbor, as it lies over on the north side of the ridge, out of sight; and this fact by no means accorded with my previous impressions. Just at the landing, to the left and front, there is a thick cluster of buildings and warehouses, but immediately below you, at the foot of the precipice, is only a single narrow street, with a few small buildings.

Directly behind you, about a mile west of the Citadel, in a slight depression in the broad rounded ridge, part under cultivation, and part in open commons, are the Heights of Abraham, where Wolf and Montcalm fell in battle. The British forces, under Wolf, having gained the Heights from the St. Lawrence, the French marched out of the Citadel to meet them, and were defeated. A granite column, forty feet high, with a suitable inscription and surmounted by a stone helmet and Roman sword, marks the spot where Wolf expired.

In front, three miles down the river, rises the Isle d'Orleans, a mountainous, hog-back island, that for thirty miles divides the St. Lawrence into two channels. Large portions of it are highly cultivated. It was here that Wolf quartered his forces, for some time, previous to his circuitous march upon Quebec.

Across the river to the south, the high bluffs of the St. Lawrence, with woods, and villages, and church spires, are the principal objects, except here and there, in the remote back ground, the knob of some distant mountain makes its appearance on the horizon's verge.

Turning again to the left across the St. Charles, from the extreme west, around north to the far east, beyond the broad, luxuriant valley, at the distance of from ten to thirty miles, are lofty ranges of mountains and knobs, much resembling our own spurs of the Allegheny, but lifting themselves up, three or four thousand feet, into the heavens, like throned monarchs in the magnificent scenery around them.

Coming back once more directly beneath the Citadel, at the base of the steepest part of the hill, is erected a wooden sign-board marking the place where Montgomery fell. When first pointed out from the steamer, the impression was one of astonishment, not that he fell, but that he should have thought of assaulting the works at that point at all, where a corporal's guard could keep whole regiments at bay, year in and year out. But the truth was that Arnold had already safely crossed the Heights of Abraham, over to the north side of the city, and had commenced the assault upon one of the most important garrisons; and Montgomery and his division was silently marching around the foot of the hill, in the snow, to join him from the east. The troops in the Citadel had marched to the defense of the gate assailed by Arnold, but a barricade had been erected across the narrow street in which Montgomery was advancing, surrounded

by a six pounder, and in charge of some militiamen. They, hearing the firing in the upper part of the town, and wholly unconscious of Montgomery's approach, started to the relief of the northern gate, but concluded to fire off their six pounder, anyhow, before they went; which they did, and then took to their heels like fine fellows as if frightened at their own thunder. That random discharge mowed down the head of the American column, killing Montgomery and his two aids, and so disheartening the survivors that they beat a hasty retreat—Arnold being unsupported, was driven back, and the expedition failed.

But I must return to the day's sight seeing. Will give you that in my next.

The Germans of Pennsylvania.

BY THE REV. A. W. REEDER.

So deeply is the State of Pennsylvania indebted for her prosperity to the German portion of her citizens, that we feel that an article devoted to them, will not be out of place in this meridian, where they comprise so large a part of the population. The German character once employed the pen of the learned and enlightened Tacitus, one of the first historians of antiquity. They evidently inherit all the virtues ascribed by this author to their ancestors, with few of their vices, which Christianity has in a great manner banished from among them. These ancestors migrated chiefly from the Palatinate, from Alsace, Swabia, Saxony, and Switzerland, with an admixture of natives of every principality and dukedom in Germany. When we reflect, at this day, that the stock of most of these bold pioneers in the settlement of Pennsylvania, consisted only of a few pieces of gold or silver coin, a chest of clothing, a Bible and a Psalter, and that now their descendants are scattered over the whole West, and own the most immense possessions, we are forcibly struck with the miraculous changes wrought in the progress of time by an Over-ruling and Divine Hand. If it were possible to determine the relative proportions of these sums, the contrast would form such a monument of human industry and economy as has seldom been witnessed in any age or country on the face of the earth.

The principal part of the Germans of Pennsylvania are farmers—hardy and industrious tillers of the soil—the most noble of all the secular occupations which can engage the attention of man. More skilful cultivators of the earth, too, we hazard nothing in saying, can be found nowhere in this country, or any other, between the rising and the setting of the sun. The Germans set a great value upon patrimonial property. This useful principle in human nature, prevents much folly and vice in young people. It, moreover, tends to lasting and extensive advantages in the improvement of a farm; for what inducement can be stronger to a parent to plant an orchard, to preserve forest trees, or to build a commodious and durable house, than the idea that they will be possessed by generations who shall inherit his blood and name?

What strikes a traveler through our German counties most forcibly, is their mammoth barns, called in their own language *Schaefer Scheuer*. Indeed it is their invariable custom, in settling a new tract of land, first to provide large and suitable accommodations for their horses and cattle, before they expend much money in building a house for themselves. No feature in their character speaks so loudly in behalf of their humanity, as this willingness to suffer discomfort themselves rather than impose it on the dumb and uncomplaining beasts. They believe with King Solomon, that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." But from this let it not be inferred, that their dwellings are deficient in the comforts of life. The reverse is true. No class so emphatically live "on the fat of the land"—and none boasts so many and such substantial domestic enjoyments.

Another fact, which never fails to rivet the attention of a stranger, is the extraordinary size and strength of their horses. A German horse is known in every part of the State. He seems to "feel with his lord" the pleasure and pride of good and beautiful living. It is a well established fact, that the German horses of Pennsylvania perform double the amount of labor of the New England or Southern breed, from the fact that they are more plentifully fed. For the same reason, their cows yield double the quantity of milk, and of a quality vastly superior.

In a word, a German farm can be distinguished from the farms of other citizens by the superior size of their barns—the plain but compact construction of dwellings—the height of their enclosures—the extent of their orchards—the fertility of their fields—the luxuriance of their meadows—the great strength of their cattle—and by a general appearance of plenty and prosperity in all that belongs to them.

The favorable influence of Agriculture, as conducted by the Germans, in extending human happiness, is manifested by the joy they express upon the birth of a child. No dread of poverty nor distrust of Providence from an increasing family, depress

the spirits of these industrious and frugal people. Upon the birth of a son they exult in the gift of a ploughman or a wagoner; and upon the birth of a daughter, they rejoice in the addition of a spinster or milk-maid, to their family. Happy state of human society! What blessing can civilization confer, that can atone for the ancient and patriarchal pleasure of raising up a numerous and healthy family of children to labor for their parents, for themselves, and for their country; and finally to partake of that knowledge and happiness which are annexed to existence, both in the life that now is, and that which is to come? The joy of parents upon the birth of a child, is the grateful echo of creating goodness. May the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania be for ever vocal with songs of joy upon these occasions! They are the infallible signs of comparative innocence, absolute industry, wealth, and happiness in the State.

The German Mechanic, too, is a most useful and enterprising citizen, possessing all the traits of character in common with the Farmer. His first ambition, in starting up into life is to become a *Freholder*, so as not to live in a rented house—and the highest temporal delight he can enjoy springs from his ability to declare, "This house is my own." Admirable equality, that which renders him afraid of Debt, that prolific source of Misery, and Want, and Crime! "The borrower is servant to the lender." "Owe no man anything except to love him."

But the genius of the Germans of Pennsylvania is not confined to Agriculture and the Mechanical Arts. Many of them have acquired great wealth, too, by foreign and domestic commerce.

But another act which speaks louder in their praise than any other, is this, that they are particularly attentive to the religious instruction of their children, and to the establishment and support of the Christian Religion. For this purpose they make the erection of a School House and a Place of Worship the first object of their care. But they do not stop here. They take great pains to introduce in their offspring, not only habits of labor, but a love of it.

As members of Civil Government, too, the Germans are, in the most exalted sense, patriotic and useful. Strongly attached to the principles of free institutions, and contributing largely to the public revenue, they constitute the "bone and sinew of the State." Many of them have become eminent in the Science of Government, and they have furnished some of our most distinguished Statesmen, who have served in the highest Executive and Legislative offices. We will be content with reference to a single illustrious example, the revered SIMON SNYDER, whose name has become the very synonyme of sterling sense, unflinching honesty, and farseeing sagacity—and whose administration of the Chief Magistracy of Pennsylvania, for a period of nine years, is referred to, at the present day, by men of all parties, as a very model of good Government.

The Germans of Pennsylvania, to their credit be it spoken, never besiege the Government for favors in their domestic pursuits. They are never known to crowd the legislative halls, clamorous for special privileges, and rely for wealth and prosperity, not on Acts of Assembly, but on their own daily acts and industry. They are, perhaps, the only class of people who practically regard Government, its object and its functions, in their true light. All that they desire from Government is to be let alone.

As neighbors they are extremely kind and friendly. They frequently help to assist each other by loans of money for a short time, without interest. But, to secure their confidence, it is necessary to be punctual, as they never lend money a second time to one who has once violated his obligation. We have heard it remarked, that during the War of Independence there were very few instances of any of them discharging a bond or a debt, in depreciated paper money!

These are some of the traits of character which have raised the Germans of Pennsylvania to a degree of moral and political elevation surpassed by no other race of men in the world. From this proud spectacle we may learn to prize knowledge and industry in Agriculture, coupled with a due observance of Christian duty, as the basis both of domestic happiness and national prosperity.

FREMONT'S STATES.

All Hail, New England!
The New England States are the model Commonwealths of the world. The history of all the ages presents no such communities of intelligent, virtuous and Democratic freemen as New Hampshire and Maine and their neighbor States. All sensible men agree that these States number as intelligent and honest voters in

proportion to the population—as personal and domestic peace, knowledge, and goodness, as any other part of the world.

Glorious New England! the home of Democratic institutions, of free men, of free thought, and unequalled personal and political freedom! the land of Lexington, Bunker Hill and Bennington—of free schools and universal education—of scholars and workers—of writers, inventors, and philanthropists—of Patnam, Hancock, Adams, Sherman and Stark—is the chosen scene of universal Republican triumph. The east wing of the American hosts, well strengthened by its numberless schools, colleges, churches, and homes, and invincibly armed with books, papers, and free speech, has driven all before it, and remains in triumphant possession of its post on the field of battle, with all its free banners streaming in the November air, and its bright-eyed and strong-armed legions ready for further advance!

Every American can well be proud that he belongs to a party which embraces all the New England States. They were never thus unanimous before, but now their proverbial and unequalled intelligence, virtue, and practical Democracy, rallied them under the banner of free labor and free soil. The descendants of the Puritans, of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Minute Men of '76, have taken their immovable stand on the side of freedom.

New York!

There stands the Empire State—erect and impregnable—with her over 200,000 majority against the Cincinnati Platform, and 400,000 against her own son who turned traitor to Liberty! Her sturdy farmers, children of New England, overbear the corrupt vote of the Cities. Her giant voice is for Free Soil, and for the Railroad, through Free States, which shall make New York and San Francisco, the London and the Canton, of this Western World.

The Great West.

This glorious land of glowing skies, and sparkling waters, of wide prairies and mighty rivers, has responded to the voice of the New England States and to New York. Her sons, animated by the spirit which is borne upon her free breezes, have vowed to their successors to stand by their fellow citizens in Kansas. They have seen and known that many of them were trampled down beneath the brutal hoof of power. So far as they could through the shield of their protection around them, they have done it by their voice and vote.

The Young Giant, the "Empire State" of the West, leads the column. Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin are following in the footsteps. Indiana and Illinois may falter for a time, but they will hereafter spring forward with buoyant energy to take their places in the army of freedom. We do not doubt the devotion, the faith, the strength, of their sons.

Not one of all these Western States can prove untrue to the memory of the strong brave and vigorous arms which drove back the savage and conquered him, which reduced the forest and introduced all the elements, comforts, and elegancies of civilized life. The deeds of their pioneer fathers are still chronicled in the hearts of the present robust race which peoples the wide plains, smiling valleys and lofty hills of the West.

The farmer, the artisan, the hunter—all feel an intense, absorbing interest in the great question of free labor. The descendants of the Meigses, the McArthur's, the La Salles and the Coles, are bathed in the living light of the principles of freedom and true Democracy. They hate all shame, pretences, and political hypocrisy, and they have repudiated the practises and professors of them—Stephen A. Douglas, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, and the other leaders of the apostate Democracy.

All hail to the mighty and growing West, the future heart and centre of our national empire! All hail to the land of quick impulses, generous hearts and courageous souls! Whilst it is thus people, the nation may repose with confidence upon their broad sympathies and courageous devotion to the Constitution and the Union.

The Presbyterian Church on the Side of Freedom.

In 1787, the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, then the highest body in the Presbyterian Church, recommended, "in the warmest terms, to every member of their body, and to all the churches and families under their care, to do everything in their power, consistent with the rights of civil society, to promote the abolition of Slavery, and the instruction of negroes, whether bond or free."

Again, in 1818, the General Assembly took unanimous action on the merits of the Slavery question; and upon a resolution offered, that any person selling a Slave should be debarred from the communion of the church, a long report was presented written by the late venerable and distinguished Dr. Asbel Greene, of Princeton, from which we extract the following conclusions:

"From this view of the consequences resulting from the practice into which Christian people have most inconsistently

fallen, of enlarging a portion of their brethren of mankind—for God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth—it is manifestly the duty of all Christians who enjoy the light of the present day, when the inconsistency of Slavery, both with the dictates of humanity and religion, has been demonstrated, to use their honest, earnest and unwearied endeavors to correct the errors of former times, and as speedily as possible to efface this blot on our holy religion, and to obtain the complete abolition of Slavery throughout Christendom, and, if possible, throughout the world.

"We rejoice that the church to which we belong commenced as early as any other the good work of endeavoring to put an end to Slavery, and that in the same work many of its members have ever since been, and now are, among the most active, vigorous and efficient laborers."

This report was unanimously adopted, has never since been rescinded, and still remains as the recorded opinion of the General Assembly of Presbyterian Church (prior to the excision) on the Slavery question.

Southern Sentiments.

What the South Expect.

[From the New Orleans Delta, the organ of Jefferson Davis, who is a leading Dis-Unionist of the South and at the same time Secretary at War under Pres. Pierce.]

The Presidential contest of 1856 is ended, and that of 1860 has just commenced. The struggle for the Presidency is ended, and James Buchanan is elected, but the issues involved in the contest are not yet settled. These are yet in the womb of the future, and what the next four years may bring forth, we must wait to see, hoping for the best, while we should be foremost against the worst.

The resistant attitude of the South, combined with the division of the Opposition, led to the result we have witnessed. But the confusion in its ranks, now, it is likely, will be succeeded by a harmonious organization in 1860.

When the admission of Kansas into the Union comes to be acted upon, the South will learn the manner in which the late contest was conducted. She will find, we fear, that the *Non-Extension of Slavery* was the middle ground on which the majority of Mr. Buchanan's opponents in the North agreed to stand. She will find it will be difficult, if not impossible, to bring Kansas into this Union as a Slave State. She will find that the day Mr. Buchanan signs a bill to that effect, if ever passed, his party will be dead and buried at the North.

There is but one offset to this condition of things, and that is to make the South so strong in her material progress, in her domestic reforms, in her social convictions, in her political attitude, as to keep the North in check by the only arguments which remain to be used against free soil—FEAR, AND INTEREST.

If Mr. Buchanan rely upon old exploded expedients for success; if he devotes himself to a laborious do-nothing policy, converting the foreign department especially into an immense circumlocution office, he will signally fail, and find his administration, at the end of four years, sunk lower than ever plummet sound. He owes his election to the South, and to the defiant attitude of resistance which she was beginning to assume. He should bear that fact well in mind. He will be a traitor, and inescapable to every manly feeling of gratitude, if he forget it and disregard the obligation it implies. Then let him live up to the letter and spirit of the Ostead letter; let him look to our interests in Cuba, which, by right of geography and of political necessity, should be ours; let him fortify Walker in Nicaragua, and forestall Spanish and French designs upon Mexico; let him place the great Tehuantepec route beyond the hazard of being lost to us, by securing the grant of a strip of Territory across the Isthmus; let him do these things, and we can laugh to scorn the subtle policy of Seward, the rhetorical raving of Sumner, and the blatant menaces of their followers.

Not alone in the South, would he find approval for such a course. The acquisition of slave territory, by conquest or annexation, would find nearly as many supporters, avowed or silent, in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, as in New Orleans. There would be a howl from the Abolitionists and free negroes of course.

We will have John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, in the House, and Jefferson Davis of the same gallant State, in the Senate. They are both men of principle, regarding fidelity to noble ends infinitely more honorable and glorious than ignoble success. They are inured to the battle harness, both civic and military, and in peace or war, the South will always know where to find them. They have no mean parts at their backs, but they are men of the future, too, and in settling the great question which must be met sooner or later, they will have conspicuous parts to enact. Their question is this, to wit:—Whether this Union shall be Northern and sectional—to use a seeming contradiction in terms—or Southern and national?

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 15.—A new bill for the better protection of the Liquor Law has passed the House of Representatives in Vermont, by seventy majority.